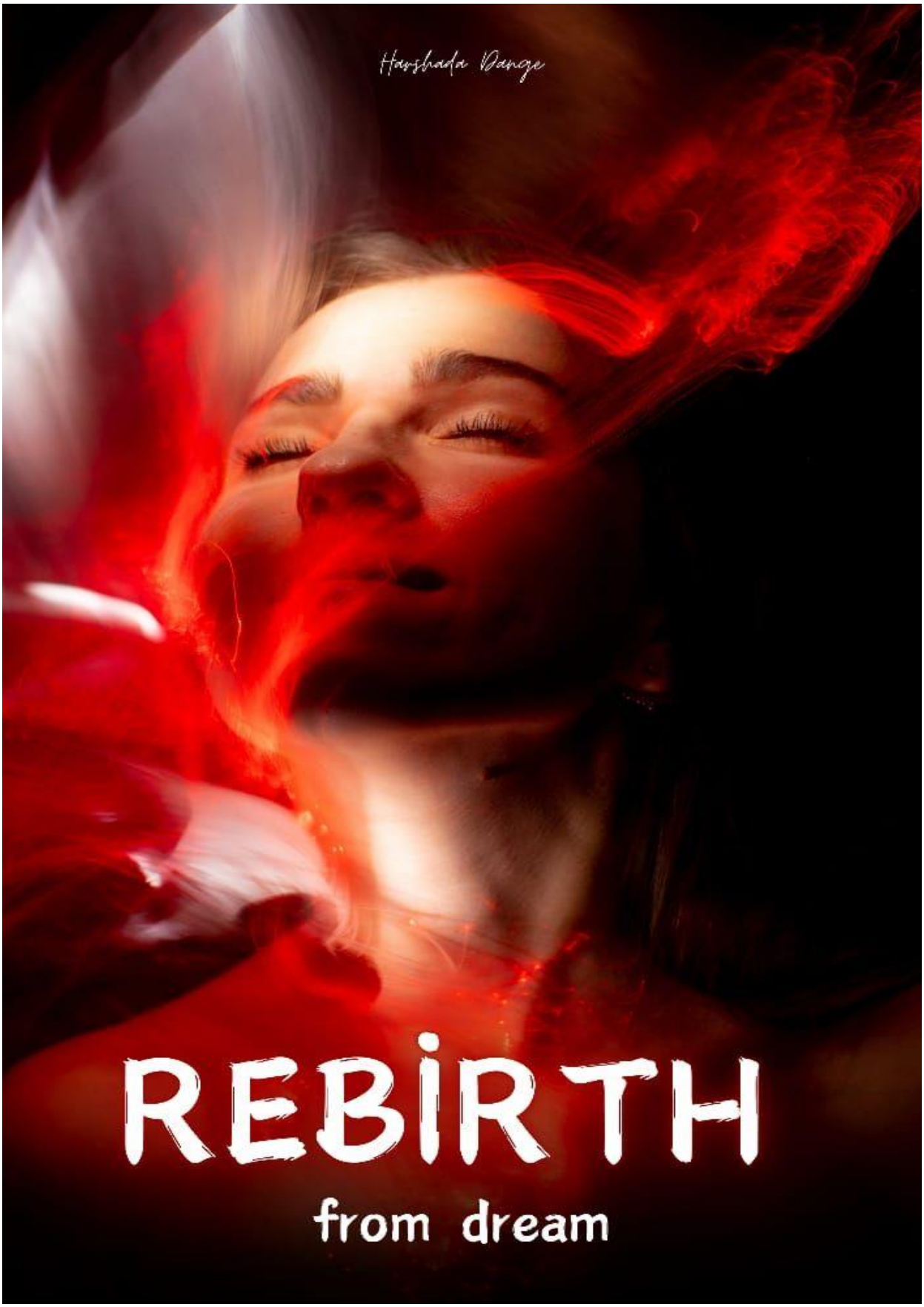
Harshada Dange
REBIRTH
from dream

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REBIRTH FROM DREAM

By HarshadaDange

Rebirth from Dream

The dream begins with a sudden shift. She finds herself alone in a grand palace that looks like a fairy tale. Everything around her is beautiful but unfamiliar. The palace is filled with elegant, flowing decorations and soft, glowing lights.

As she walks through the rooms, she notices strange things—furniture that moves and rooms that change. There's a quiet, mysterious feeling in the air, with only the faint sound of music in the distance.

In one room, she sees a shadowy figure who speaks in confusing hints. They suggest that this palace holds important secrets and that she's here for a special reason. The dream leaves her feeling intrigued and eager to understand what this magical place is all about.

As she explores the palace, she notices that every object and decoration seems strangely familiar. Each item appears to be connected to memories or dreams from her own life. A painting on the wall depicts a scene from her childhood, a book on a shelf contains her favorite stories, and a vase holds flowers she used to dream about.

As she moves through the palace, she sees objects and symbols from her past and present blending together. There's a room with old photographs, a garden with plants she's seen in her dreams, and a mirror that shows her past dreams as if they were real.

Every corner of the palace seems to be a reflection of her inner world, with elements that are both comforting and unsettling. She begins to realize that the palace is not just a place but a journey through her own experiences and emotions. Each item she encounters feels like a piece of a larger puzzle that she needs to understand to uncover the true purpose of her dream.

She stands up and immediately catches a scent in the air, a fragrance that feels both familiar and elusive. It is a soft, sweet aroma that stirs something deep inside her, but she can't quite place where she smelled it before. The scent fills her with a mix of excitement and curiosity, urging her to find its source.

She begins to search the palace, moving from room to room, her senses heightened by the mysterious smell. She checks the lavish halls, the grand rooms, and even the quiet corners, but the source of the fragrance remains hidden. The more she searches, the more the scent seems to fade, leaving her confused and frustrated.

Just as she's about to give up, she pauses, feeling something unusual. Her hand brushes against her hair, and that's when she discovers it a small, delicate flower woven into her hair. The scent is coming from this flower, its petals soft and glowing with a faint light.

The flower's name, "*sonchafa*" suddenly comes to her mind, though she can't remember where or how she knows it. She realizes that

this flower, like the palace, is connected to her in ways she doesn't fully understand yet. The discovery leaves her with more questions, deepening the mystery of this dream world she's found herself in.

As she holds the *sonchafa* flower in her hand, a flood of memories washes over her. The scent stirs something deep within her heart, and suddenly, she's reminded of a person who once gave her this very flower. Her emotions are woven into its delicate petals, filled with longing, affection, and a connection she once cherished.

As she inhales the familiar scent, another memory surfaces—this time of a *gajra*. The gajra was a small garland of flowers, given to her by the same person. It wasn't just an ordinary gift; it was a symbol of their bond. She remembers sitting quietly, carefully writing her name on each petal of the gajra's flowers, wanting to imprint her essence onto them. It was her way of keeping that moment, and the emotions tied to it, close to her heart.

She had kept the gajra safe for years, tucked away as a treasured keepsake. The memory of it now fills her with a mix of nostalgia and sadness, reminding her of how deeply she was connected to that person.

The "*sonchafa*" flower in her hair feels like a bridge to that past, pulling her emotions to the surface in a way she wasn't prepared for.

As these memories flood her mind, she realizes that the dream isn't just a journey through her life it's also a journey through her heart. Each

item she encounters in this mysterious palace, like the "*sonchafa*" flower, is tied to the people and experiences that shaped her. The dream is helping her reconnect with parts of herself she had forgotten or tried to leave behind.

As she stands there, holding the *sonchafa* flower, a profound thought takes root in her mind. This place, with its strange beauty and familiar objects, isn't just any dream it's a reflection of herself. The palace, with its ever-changing rooms and hauntingly familiar items, mirrors the deepest parts of her heart and soul.

Every object she's encountered, every scent and sound, feels like a piece of her own life—memories, emotions, and experiences all woven into the fabric of this dream world. The realization strikes her with a mixture of awe and unease. This palace is more than just a setting; it's a manifestation of her inner world, a place where her past and present collide.

The flower in her hair, the memory of the gajra, and the emotions they stir in her—they are all fragments of her identity, pieces she's kept hidden or forgotten. The palace is showing her these fragments, urging her to face them and understand the connections they hold.

As she continues to explore, she begins to see the palace not just as a mysterious place but as a reflection of herself—a place where her thoughts, feelings, and memories are brought to life. It's a journey of

self-discovery, where she must unravel the secrets of her own heart to find the answers she's seeking As she continues to explore the palace, something unusual catches her eye. It's a small object, tucked away in a corner, that seems out of place in this dreamlike world. Curiosity piqued, she approaches it and picks it up, turning it over in her hands.

The object is unlike anything she's encountered before—an odd, abstract shape with no clear function or meaning. It feels strangely heavy, almost as if it's burdened with something intangible. She examines it closely, but no matter how hard she tries, she can't make sense of it. There's no logic to its design, no apparent purpose or reason for its existence. For a moment, she feels a wave of confusion wash over her. Everything else in the palace, though mysterious, has held some connection to her life or memories. But this object—this strange, nonsensical thing—seems to defy that pattern. It doesn't fit with the reflection of herself she's been uncovering in this dream.

She wonders why it's here and what it could possibly represent. Is it a part of her she doesn't understand yet? Or is it something from outside her experience, an intrusion into her otherwise personal journey? The lack of logic unsettles her, leaving her with more questions than answers. She's forced to accept that not everything in this dream world will make sense, and perhaps that's part of the mystery she needs to unravel.

After placing the odd object back down, she continues her journey through the palace. Suddenly, she steps into a new area, and the air seems to shift—warmer, like the embrace of a familiar hug. Before her eyes, a scene from her past begins to play out, like a painting coming to life. It's a memory of her parents and siblings, all together, their laughter like music filling the room.

Watching them, her heart feels like a blooming garden, each flower representing the love she holds for her family. But amidst the lush blossoms, she senses a tangled vine of silence, winding around her chest, holding her back from speaking the words she longs to say. The roots of this silence run deep, making it difficult for her to pull free and express the emotions that grow wild within her.

Her parents are like towering trees in this garden, strong and steadfast, their branches reaching out to shelter her. She feels immense respect for them, like the deep roots that anchor these trees, yet she struggles to let them know how much they mean to her. Her siblings, the vibrant flowers that brighten her days, share this space with her, but she fears her feelings are hidden beneath layers of earth, never fully reaching the surface.

As the scene fades, she's left standing in the middle of her inner garden, realizing that though the love she feels is vast and true, it's also buried, unspoken, beneath the soil. The challenge before her is clear, to

find a way to let these emotions grow freely, to prune away the vines of silence, and allow her family to see the full beauty of her love and respect. As she stands there, surrounded by the memory of her family, she feels an overwhelming urge to speak. The emotions that have been bottled up inside her for so long begin to stir, and she knows it's time to finally express what she's been carrying in her heart.

She takes a deep breath and turns to her parents, her voice soft but steady. "Mom, Dad… I don't think I've ever really told you how much I love and respect you. You've always been there for me, and I… I just want you to know how much that means to me."

Her mother's face softens with a warm smile. "We know, sweetheart. But hearing you say it…it means so much."

Her father nods, his eyes kind and understanding. "We've always known you care, even when you didn't say it out loud. But I'm glad you're telling us now."

She feels a wave of relief wash over her, and she turns to her siblings next. "And you guys…you've always been my best friends. I know I haven't always been the best at showing it, but I want you to know how much I appreciate you both."

Her siblings exchange a look before one of them speaks up. "We've always known you love us. But it's good to hear you say it."

“Yeah,” the other sibling adds. “You’ve got a funny way of showing it sometimes, but we’ve never doubted it.” She laughs softly, feeling the tension in her chest finally begin to ease. “I guess I’ve always been better at keeping things to myself, but I don’t want to do that anymore. I want you all to know how much you mean to me.” Her mother steps forward, wrapping her in a warm embrace. “We love you too, honey. Always.” Her father and siblings join in, creating a comforting group hug. In that moment, she feels more connected to them than ever before.

The words she’s finally spoken, the emotions she’s finally shared, have brought them all closer together. When the memory begins to fade, she’s left with a profound sense of peace. Even though this conversation happened in a dream, it feels as real as anything she’s ever experienced. And she knows that when she wakes up, she’ll carry this newfound openness with her, ready to share her feelings with her family in the real world.

As they all share the embrace, she feels a deep warmth, as if a fire had been ignited in the hearth of her heart. But before the moment can settle, her mother pulls back slightly and looks into her eyes, a gentle seriousness in her expression.

“Sweetheart,” her mother begins, her voice calm but carrying a weight of importance, “there’s something you need to understand about this dream.”

Her father nods, stepping forward. “This dream isn’t just a reflection of your memories. It has a purpose, an aim that’s meant for you alone.”

She frowns slightly, confusion knitting her brow. “An aim? What do you mean?”

Her brother, who had been silent, speaks up. “This place, everything you’ve seen so far, it’s all leading you toward something. A realization, maybe. Or a truth you need to uncover.”

Her sister adds softly, “But we can’t tell you what it is. That’s something only you can find out.”

She looks around at them, the warmth of the moment tinged now with a new sense of responsibility.

“So, I have to figure it out on my own?”

Her mother smiles gently, tucking a strand of hair behind her ear. “Yes, you do. Think of this dream as a path through a forest. We can walk with you, but you’re the one who has to find the clearing at the end.”

Her father places a reassuring hand on her shoulder. “You’ve always had a strong heart, and you’re more capable than you realize. Trust yourself, and keep moving forward. The answer is out there, waiting for you.”

She feels the weight of their words, like a key placed in her hand, ready to unlock something important.

“I’ll keep searching,” she says, determination settling in her chest. “I’ll find what I’m meant to find.”

Her mother’s smile widens, full of pride. “We believe in you. And remember, even though you’re the one who has to discover the aim, you’re never truly alone. We’re always with you, in your heart.”

As the memory begins to fade, she’s left with a renewed sense of purpose. The warmth of her family’s love remains with her, guiding her as she continues her journey through the dream, ready to uncover whatever truths it holds.

With her family’s words still echoing in her mind, she starts to walk back through the palace, her steps now filled with purpose. As she retraces her path, she can’t help but think about everything she’s encountered so far the *sonchafa* flower, the gajra, and that strange, inexplicable object.

As if sensing her thoughts, the air around her begins to change, humming with an almost electric energy. The palace, which had been

still and quiet, now seems to come alive. The lights dim slightly, and a soft glow starts to emanate from somewhere ahead. She feels a flutter in her chest, a mix of anticipation and curiosity, like the moment before a storm breaks.

When she reaches the place where she first found the "*sonchafa"* flower, she stops in her tracks. The flower, still tucked in her hair, begins to glow softly, as if reacting to the energy around her. The light is warm and comforting, like a candle flickering in the darkness, and she can almost feel it pulse in time with her heartbeat.

As she gazes at the flower, something stirs in the shadows. The gajra she had been thinking about appears, drifting gently toward her as if carried by an invisible breeze. The petals, with her name carefully written on each one, shimmer faintly, reflecting the deep emotions she had poured into them.

It floats before her, a symbol of her love and her struggle to express it, and the sight of it fills her with a bittersweet longing.

Then, almost as if the palace itself is guiding her, the strange object she had found earlier appears as well. It hovers in the air, its odd shape now bathed in a mysterious light. The object, which had once seemed nonsensical, now carries a certain weight, as if it holds a secret she's yet to uncover. It shines with a cool, otherworldly glow, casting eerie yet intriguing shadows on the walls.

The three items "*sonchafa" gajra*, and the strange object—come together in front of her, forming a small circle of light. They hover in the air, each glowing with its unique energy, as if waiting for her to understand their significance. She watches them, feeling a rush of excitement and wonder. It's as if the palace is offering her a clue, presenting her with pieces of a puzzle that she needs to solve.

The room around her seems to hold its breath, the silence thick with anticipation. She knows that each of these items holds a part of the truth she's seeking, and the realization sends a thrill through her—a sense of romanch, as if she's on the brink of something extraordinary. The energy in the room is almost tangible, like a current running just beneath the surface, and she knows that whatever comes next will be crucial.

With her heart pounding and her mind racing, she steps closer to the glowing objects, ready to dive deeper into the mystery they represent. The dream is revealing its secrets piece by piece, and she's determined to unlock them, no matter where they might lead.

As she steps closer, the "*sonchafa"* flower begins to glow brighter, and to her amazement, it speaks. Its voice is gentle and soothing, almost like a melody.

"Do you know why I'm here, blooming in your hair?" the "sonchafa"

She’s surprised, but something about the voice feels comforting. “No, why are you here? What are you trying to tell me?”

The flower sways slightly, as if dancing. Then it speaks again, this time in a more rhythmic, poetic way:

“I am the keeper of your love,

Hidden deep within your heart.

I bloom where your secrets are,

In the garden of your soul.

But tell me, do you know this garden?

Have you tended to its flowers,

Or have you let the vines of doubt

And fear choke them?”

Her heart beats faster as she listens. “I think I’ve let it grow wild,” she admits quietly. “I’ve been afraid to let others see what’s there, to share what I feel.” The “sonchafa” seems to nod, understanding her. “Love is like a flower; it needs care to grow. You’ve kept it in the shadows, where it can’t flourish. But even now, do you feel the warmth it brings? Love is like a flame—protect it, and it will burn bright; neglect it, and it will fade away.”

She closes her eyes, feeling the truth in the flower's words. "But how do I help it grow?" she asks, opening her eyes again. red deepening into something darker, more menacing. She wants to turn away, but she's rooted to the spot, unable to escape the pull of the object's light.

Her mind races, trying to find some way to break free from the grip of fear that the object has on her.

She knows this is more than just a strange thing in a strange place—this is a reflection of the part of her

she's always tried to ignore, the part that whispers doubts and insecurities when she's alone.

"No," she says quietly, her voice trembling but determined. "You don't control me."

The object's light flickers, as if reacting to her words. The image of herself on its surface wavers, becoming blurry, less defined. She feels a small spark of courage flare up inside her, pushing back against the fear.

"You're just a shadow, just a reflection of what I'm afraid of," she says, her voice growing stronger. "But I'm more than my fears."

The object seems to shudder, the reddish light dimming slightly. The darkness it casts around the room begins to recede, and she feels the

heavy weight on her chest start to lift. She takes a deep breath, feeling the strength return to her.

“I won’t let you define me,” she declares, stepping back from the object. “You’re just a part of me, but you’re not all of me.”

The object’s light flickers one last time, then starts to fade. The reddish glow slowly dims, and the strange, shifting surface of the object begins to settle. It shrinks, the shadows around it pulling back, until it’s just a small, dimly lit thing in front of her. As the light fades completely, she feels the fear melt away, leaving behind a calm determination. The object is still there, but it no longer holds power over her.

As the object’s reddish light dims, a sudden, sharp sound pierces the silence—a loud voice, her voice, but twisted, distorted, echoing in the air around her. The sound is so loud it rattles her bones, vibrating through her chest. She flinches, instinctively covering her ears, but the voice seems to come from everywhere, inescapable.

The voice repeats words she recognizes, words she once spat out in anger, in frustration, directed at herself. “I am like a waste plastic,” the voice sneers, the tone dripping with self-loathing. The phrase echoes, each repetition more distorted than the last, until it feels like the very walls are mocking her.

She stands frozen, the words wrapping around her like chains, tightening with each repetition. The object pulses again, the reddish light

intensifying, casting long, jagged shadows that seem to reach out towards her like claws.

"Plastic," the voice hisses*, "unwanted, useless, polluting everything it touches."*

Her heart pounds in her chest, the words striking deep, bringing back the sting of old wounds. She had said those words in a moment of deep despair, when she felt discarded, worthless, a burden. Now, hearing them echoed back at her, amplified and distorted, they feel like a curse.

The object seems to grow larger, its surface swirling like a vortex, pulling her into the dark void of her own worst thoughts. The reddish light flickers, casting eerie reflections that seem to stretch and warp her image, making her appear monstrous, grotesque. She tries to pull away, but the voice grows louder, angrier. It's like the object is feeding on her fear,

growing stronger with each beat of her racing heart.

"Plastic doesn't break down," the voice growls, *"it just lingers, poisoning everything around it, just*

like you."

Her breath catches in her throat, the weight of those words pressing down on her, suffocating. The room feels like it's closing in, the walls

warping and bending under the pressure of her own self-hatred, reflected back at her by the object.

But as the darkness deepens, something inside her stirs—a flicker of resistance. She knows this voice, knows it well, but she also knows it's only a part of her, a part that she has the power to silence.

She closes her eyes, trying to shut out the horrible voice, and focuses on her breathing, grounding herself in the rhythm of each breath. *In and out, in and out.* Slowly, she opens her eyes again, her gaze locking onto the object.

"I'm not plastic," she whispers, her voice barely audible, but steady. "I'm not a waste."

The voice falters for a moment, the echo losing some of its power. The object's reddish light flickers, as if struggling to maintain its grip on her.

"I am more than my worst thoughts," she continues, her voice growing stronger. "I'm not a pollutant.

I'm not something that lingers to cause harm."

The object shudders, its surface rippling like disturbed water. The shadows it casts begin to shrink, retreating as she stands taller, her resolve hardening.

“You may be a part of me,” she says, her voice firm, “but you don’t define me. I am not worthless, and I refuse to let you make me feel that way.”

The object lets out a low, rumbling noise, almost like a growl, but the reddish light begins to dim. The voice, once so loud and overpowering, starts to fade, growing weaker with each word she speaks.

“I am not plastic,” she repeats, her tone resolute. “I’m not waste. I’m human, flawed but valuable, and I will not let you consume me.”

With that final declaration, the object gives one last shudder before the reddish light winks out entirely.

The room falls silent, the oppressive weight lifting as the object shrinks down to a small, insignificant speck on the floor.

She stands there, breathing heavily, the echoes of the voice fading into nothingness. The object no longer holds power over her, reduced to a mere reminder of the darkness she’s overcome. She steps back, feeling a renewed sense of strength, knowing she’s faced the worst parts of herself—and emerged stronger.

The object shudders, and to her surprise, it begins to change. The dark, shapeless thing transforms, pulsing with life, until it finally takes the form of a heart—her heart—right in front of her.

She gasps, feeling both fear and wonder. The heart is glowing with a deep red light, and she can feel its anger, like a storm about to break.

"What... what are you?" she asks, her voice trembling.

"I am your heart," it replies, the voice clear and strong, but also filled with hurt. *"I've heard every word you've said about yourself. I've felt every cruel joke, every harsh thought.*"

She steps back, shock washing over her. "I didn't mean it... I was just joking. It was just words."

"Words have power," the heart says, its beat growing louder. "*Even when spoken in jest, they cut deep. Your body doesn't know the difference between a joke and the truth."*

She feels tears prick at her eyes. "I didn't know it was hurting you... hurting me."

"You called yourself waste, plastic—something to be thrown away," the heart continues, its voice softening slightly. *"But I am the part of you that keeps you alive. I am not trash, and neither are you."*

She feels a pang of guilt. "I'm sorry. I didn't realize... I didn't understand."

The heart's glow softens, its anger fading into something gentler. *"I need you to treat yourself with kindness, to speak to yourself with love. Because every word you say, I feel it deeply."*

“I’ll try,” she says, her voice shaking with emotion. “I’ll be more careful. I’ll love myself better.”

The heart pulses warmly, a comforting rhythm. *“That’s all I ask. Remember, I’m with you always. We’re in this together.”*

She nods, feeling a new sense of peace. The heart’s light glows brighter for a moment, then slowly dims, settling into a steady, reassuring beat. She reaches out, and though she doesn’t touch it, she feels its warmth spread through her.

“Thank you,” she whispers, her voice filled with gratitude. *Take care of me, and I will take care of you,”* the heart replies, before finally returning to its place within her.

As the heart’s warm glow fades, the strange dream world around her begins to disappear. The shadows pull back, and the strange objects vanish one by one. She feels a calm understanding settle in. She takes a deep breath, feeling a shift inside her. The dream has shown her that she has the power to control her emotions and change her perspective. The fear and doubt are still there, but they no longer control her.

“I have the power,” she says quietly. “I can change how I see myself and how I live my life.”

The dream world melts away, replaced by a warm, comforting light. She feels a sense of peace and strength growing inside her. She realizes she’s in control of her own destiny.

“I am not defined by my fears,” she whispers. “I am stronger than my doubts.”

The dream fades, and she begins to wake up. She feels a gentle warmth spreading through her, and as she opens her eyes, she finds herself in her own bed, greeted by the morning light. She feels different—stronger, more confident. Sitting up, she takes a deep breath and smiles.

“I am a queen,” she says with newfound confidence. “I have the power to shape my own life.” With a sense of purpose, she gets out of bed, ready to face the day as a new version of herself—empowered, self-assured, and proud.

In a dream where shadows play,

She faced her fears, then found her way.

Her heart revealed, with strength so bright,

She woke to claim her queenly might.

“I am a queen,” she softly said,

With newfound power, fear shed.

In morning light, her path made clear,

She steps ahead, no longer in fear.

“Hope rise like a

Phonix from the

ashes of shattered

dreams.”

“REBIRTH FROM DREAM”

By HarshadaDange